Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,] "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.---NO 6. CLARKSBURG, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17th, 1851. WHOLE NO. 6.

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg *Register*, is published at Clarksburg Va., every Wednesday morning, at $2,00 per annum in advance, or at the expiration of SIX MONTHS from the time of subscribing; after the termination of six months $2,50 will invariably be charged. No subscription received for less than six months. No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the proprietor, until all arrearages are paid up; and those who do not order their paper to be discoutinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

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THE RATTLESNAKE HUNTER.

"Until my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns."

During a delightful excursion in the vicinity of the Green Mountains, a few years since, I had the good fortune to meet with a singular character, known in many parts of Vermont as the Rattlesnake Hunter. It was a warm, clear day of sunshine, in the middle of June, that I saw him for the first time, while engaged in a mineralogical ramble over the hills. His head was bald and his forehead was deeply marked with the strong lines of care and age. His form was wasted and meagre; and but for the fiery vigor of his eye, he might have been supposed incapacitated by age and infirmities for even a slight excursion.—Yet he hurried over the huge ledges of rocks with a quick and almost youthful tread; and seemed earnestly searching among the crevices and loose crags and stinted bushes around him. All at once, he started suddenly—drew himself back with a sort of shuddering recoil—and then smote fiercely with his staff upon the rock before him. Another and another blow—and he lifted the lithe and crushed form of a large rattlesnake upon the end of his rod.

The old man's eye glistened, but his lips trembled as he looked steadfastly upon his yet writhing victim. 'Another of the accursed race!' he muttered between his clenched teeth, apparently unconscious of my presence.

I was satisfied that the person now before me was none other than the famous 'Rattlesnake Hunter.' He was known throughout the neighborhood as an outcast and a wanderer, obtaining a miserable subsistence from the casual charities of the people around him. His time was mostly spent among the rocks and rude hills, where his only object seemed to be the hunting out and destroying of the *Crotalus horidus* or rattlesnake. I immediately determined to satisfy my curiosity which had been strongly excited by the remarkable appearance of the stranger, and for this purpose I approached him.

'Are there many of these reptiles in this vicinity?' I inquired, pointing to the crushed serpent.

'They are getting to be scarce,' said the old man, lifting his slouched hat and wiping his bald brow. 'I have known the time when you could hardly stir ten rods from your door, in this part of the State, without hearing their low, quick rattle at your side, or seeing their many-colored bodies, coiling up in your path. But as I said before, they are getting to be scarce, the infernal race will be extinct in a few years—and thank God, I have myself been a considerable cause of their extermination.'

'You must of course, know the nature of these creatures perfectly well,' said I. 'Do you believe in their power of fascination or charming?'

The old man's countenance fell. There was a visible struggle of feeling within him, for his lips quivered, he dashed his brown hand suddenly across his eyes as if to conceal a tear; but quickly recovering himself, he answered in the low, deep voice of one who was about to reveal some horrible secret—

'I believe in the rattlesnake's power of fascination, as firmly as I believe in my own existence.'

'Surely!' said I, 'you do not believe that they have power over human beings?'

'I do, I know it to be so!' and the old man trembled as he spoke. 'You are a stranger to me,' he said, slowly, after scrutinizing my features for a moment—'but if you will go down with me to the foot of this rock, in the shade there,—and he pointed to a group of leaning oaks that hung over the declivity—'I will tell you a strange and sad story of my own experience.'

It may be supposed that I readily assented to this proposal, and bestowing one more blow upon the rattlesnake as if to be certain of its death, the old man descended the rocks with a rapidity that would have endangered the neck of a less practised hunter. After reaching the place which he pointed out, the Rattlesnake Hunter commenced his story in a manner which confirmed what I had previously heard of his education and intellectual strength.

'I was among the earliest settlers in this part of the country. I had just finished my education at Harvard, when I was induced by the flattering representations of some of the earliest pioneers into the wild land beyond the Connecticut, to seek my fortune in the new settlements. My wife'—the old man's eye glistened an instant, and then a tear crossed his brown cheek—'my wife accompanied me, young and delicate, and beautiful as she was, to this wild and rude country. I shall never forgive myself for bringing her hither—never young man,' continued he, 'you look like one who could pity. You shall see the image of the girl who followed me to the new country,' and he unbound as he spoke, a ribbon from his neck, with a miniature to it.

It was that of a beautiful female—but there was an almost childish expression in her countenance—a softness—a delicacy, and sweetness of smile which I have seldom seen in the features of those who have tasted, even slightly the bitter waters of existence. The old man watched my countenance intently, as I surveyed the image of his early love. 'She must have been very beautiful,' I said, as I returned the picture.

'Beautiful!' he repeated, 'you may well say so. But this avails nothing. I have a fearful story to tell: would to God I had not attempted it; but I will go on. My heart has been too often stretched upon the rack of memory to suffer any pang.'

'We had resided in the new country about a year. Our settlement had increased rapidly; and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to be felt, after the weary privations and severe trials to which we had been subjected. The red men were few and feeble, and did not molest us. The beasts of the forests and mountains were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to which we were exposed, resulted from the rattlesnakes which infested our neighborhood. Three or four of our settlers were bitten by them, and died in terrible agonies. The Indians often told us frightful stories of this snake, and its powers of fascination, and although they were generally believed, yet for myself, I confess, I was rather amused than convinced by their marvellous legends.

In one of my hunting excursions abroad, on a fine morning—it was at this time of the year, I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear, and a fine breeze from the north-west shook the bright green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time, in pursuit of game, and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick, grating rattle.

I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock laid a large rattlesnake, coiling himself up as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me; and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, I stood still, and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, and relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright fiery eye directly upon my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation—totally different from anything I had ever before experienced, followed the movement of the serpent; but I stood still and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile.

His form seemed to grow larger and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him, or at least it sounded in my ear—a strange, sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the humming bird. Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed and glowed like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope—green, purple and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild and curiously woven circles of strange colors, quivering around me, like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prism—a world of mysterious colors—and tints varied and darkened and lighted up again around me, and the low music went on without ceasing until my brain reeled; and fear, for the first time, came like a shadow over me.

The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushed from my brow. I had no certainty of fear in my mind—no definite idea of peril—all was vague and clouded like the unaccountable terrors of a dream—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot; I attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred; and I stood still as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the tormentor in my ear, and the baneful colorings of his enchantments before me.

Suddenly a new sound came to my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful. 'Again—again—but I stirred not, and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm.—The horrible spell was at once broken.—The strange colors passed from before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs, and my wife was clinging with terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her hand, and her screams of agony, as she staggered backward from me, told me the dreadful truth.

Then it was that the feeling of madness came over me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him upon the ragged rock. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation.—There was a dark livid spot on her hand, and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling, and after wandering for a short time, the pain of her wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms.—Weak and exhausted as I was, I yet had strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us—and there, alone, in the great wilderness, I watched over her and prayed with her—and she died!'

The old man groaned audibly as he uttered these words, and, as he clasped his long bony hands over his eyes, I could see the tears lifting thickly through his gaunt fingers. After a momentary struggle with his feelings, he lifted his head once more, and there was a fierce light in his eye as he spoke.

'But I have had my revenge. From that fatal moment I have felt myself fitted and set apart, by the terrible ordeal of affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest curse. And I have well nigh succeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless. Do not imagine,' said he, earnestly regarding the somewhat equivocal expression of my countenance, 'that I consider these creatures as serpents; they are serpents of the fallen angel, the immediate ministers of the infernal gulf.'

* * * * * *

Years have passed since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter; the place of his abode has changed—a beautiful village arises near the spot of our conference, and the grass of the church-yard is green over the grave of the old hunter. But his story is fixed upon my mind, and time, like enamel, only burns deeper the first impression It comes up before me like a vividly remembered dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.

A Good One.

An exchange says it has published the following, half a dozen times in as many years, but it looked so fresh and funny yesterday, as we were running over our exchanges, that we thought we would give it another send-off. It is almost needless to say that the humorous yarn was spun by Lever, the facetious author of Charles O'Malley. The Bloomers may take a hint from it, and it is partly on their account that we give the extract a place:

'I believe that a woman would do a great deal for a dance,' said Dr. Growling, 'they are immensely fond of saltatory motion. I remember once in my life I used to flirt with one who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and she confided to me the secret that she had no stockings for a ball which was about to take place, and without them her presence at the dance was out of the question.'

'That was a hint for you to buy the stockings,' said Dick.

'No, you're out,' said Growling. 'She knew that I was as poor as herself; but though she could rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on a plan she had formed for going to the ball in a proper twig. Now, what do you think it was?'

'To go in cotton. I suppose,' returned Dick.

'Out again, sir—you'd never guess it; and only a woman would have hit upon the expedient. It was the fashion, in those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed painting her legs!'

'Painting her legs!' they all exclaimed.

'Fact, sir,' said the doctor, 'and she relied upon me for telling her if the cheat was successful.'

'And was it?' asked Durfy.

'Don't be in a hurry, Tom. I complied on one condition, namely—that I should be the painter.'

'Oh, you old rascal!' said Dick.

'A capital bargain!' said Durfy.

'Don't interrupt me, gentlemen,' said the doctor. 'I got some rose pink, accordingly, and I defy all the hosiers in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jenny; and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw.'

'And she went to the ball,' said Dick.

'She did.'

'And the trick succeeded?' inquired Durfy.

'So completely,' said the doctor, 'that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. So you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor little Jenny, she was a merry minx—by the by, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I made about the stockings. 'Jenny,' said I, 'for fear your stockings should fall down when you are dancing, *hadn't you better let me paint a pair of garters on them?*'

MIGHTY CUTE.—Two cotton-waggons meeting on the road to Augusta, the following dialogue took place between the drivers:

'What's *cotton* in Augusta?' asks the one with a load.

'*Cotton*,' said the other.

The inquirer supposing himself not to be understood, repeats—'What's *cotton* in Augusta?'

'It's *cotton*,' says the other.

'I know that,' says the other, 'but what is it?'

'Why,' says the other, 'I tell you it is *cotton! Cotton* is *cotton* in Augusta, and every where else, that ever I heard of.'

'I know that as well as you,' says the first, 'but what does *cotton* bring in Augusta?'

'Why, it brings nothing there, everybody brings *cotton*.'

'Look here,' says the first wagoner, 'you had better leave the State, for I'll be hanged if you don't know too much for Georgia.'

☞ If people only kept their heads as well furnished with books as they do their centre tables, what an intelligent world this would be. One half of the Shakspears purchased, fill up rooms instead of brains.

A HOME PICTURE.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door;
His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
And the moon-light danced on the floor;—
And the moon-light danced on the cottage floor;
Her beams were clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talk'd love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he,
So he loved at home with his wife to stay
And they chatted right merrily;
Right merrily chatted they on the while
Her babe slept on her breast;
While a chubby rogue, with rosy smile,
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast the potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield;
The grass was growing in the meadow fine,
And his orchard was doing fair;
His sheep and his stock were in their prime—
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
Her fowls and calves were fat;
That the butter that Tommy that morning churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for Pa a new shirt had made,
And 'twas done too, by the rule;
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly raised his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of grayish brown—
"I'll tell you, Kate, what I think." said he,
"We're the happiest folks in town."
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard—
Work and health go together, I've found,
For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

"They're worth their thousands, so people say,
But I ne'er saw them happy yet;
'Twould not be me that would take their gold
And live in a constant fret;
My humble home has a light within,
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy,
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—
The moon shone brighter and clearer,
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer;
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And he took her hand in his—
I guess—(though I looked at the moon just then)
That he left on her lips a kiss.

From Arthur's Home Gazette

THE BUSHEL OF CORN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Farmer Gray had a neighbor who was not the best tempered man in the world, though mainly kind and obliging. He was a shoemaker. His name was Barton. One day in harvest time when every man on the farm was as busy as a bee, this man came over to Farmer Gray's and said in a rather petulant tone of voice—

'Mr. Gray, I wish you would send over and drive your geese home.

'Why so, Mr. Barton; what have my geese been doing?' said the farmer in a mild, quiet tone.

'They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and go into my garden, and I will not have it!' the neighbor replied in a still more petulant tone.

'I am really sorry for it, neighbor Barton, but what can I do!'

'Why yoke them, and thus keep them on your own premises. It's no kind of a way to let your geese run all over every farm and garden in the neighborhood.'

'But I cannot see to it now. It is harvest time, friend Barton, and every man, woman and child on the farm has as much as he or she can do. Try and bear it for a week or so, and then I will see if I can possibly remedy the evil!'

'I can't bear it, and I won't bear it any longer,' said the shoemaker. 'So if you do not take care of them, friend Gray, I shall have to take care of them for you.'

'Well, neighbor Barton, you can do as you please,' farmer Gray replied in his usual quiet tone. I am sorry that they trouble you, but I cannot attend to them now.'

'I'll attend to them for you, see if I don't,' said the shoemaker, still more angrily than when he first called upon farmer Gray, and then turned upon his heel and strode off hastily towards his own house, which was quite near the old farmer's.

'What upon earth can be the matter with them geese?' said Mrs. Gray, about fifteen minutes afterwards.

'I really cannot tell, unless neighbor Barton is taking care of them. He threatened to do so if I didn't yoke them right off.'

'Taking care of them! How taking care of them?'

'As to that, I am quite in the dark, killing them, perhaps. He said they picked at his pigs' ears and drove them away when they were eating, and that he wouldn't have it. He wanted me to yoke them right off, but that I could not do now, as all hands are busy. So I suppose he is engaged in the neighborly business of taking care of our geese.'

'John! William! run over and see what Mr. Barton is doing with my geese,' said Mrs. Gray in a quick and anxious tone, to two little boys who were playing near.

The urchins scampered off, well pleased to perform any errand.

'Oh, if he has dared to do anything to my geese, I will never forgive him!' the good wife said angrily.

'H-u-s-h, Sally, make no rash speeches. It is more than probable that he has killed some two or three of them. But never mind if he has. He will get over his pet, and be sorry for it.'

'Yes, but what good will his being sorry do me? Will it bring my geese to life?'

'Ah, well, Sally, never mind. Let us wait until we learn what all this disturbance is about.'

In about ten minutes the children came home bearing the bodies of three geese, each without a head.

'Oh, is not that too much for human endurance?' cried Mrs. Gray. 'Where did you find them?'

'We found them lying out in the road,' said the oldest of the two children, 'and when we picked them up, Mr. Barton said—"tell your father that I have yoked his geese for him, to save him the trouble, as his hands are all too busy to do it."'

'I'd sue him for it,' said Mrs. Gray in an indignant tone.

'And what good would that do, Sally?'

'Why it would do a great deal of good. It would teach him better manners. It would punish him, and he deserves punishment.'

'And punish us into the bargain. We have lost but three geese now, but we still have their good fat bodies to eat.—A lawsuit would cost us many geese, and not leave us even as much as the feathers, besides giving us a world of trouble and vexation. No, no, Sally; just let it rest, and he will be sorry for it I know.'

'Sorry for it, indeed! And what good will his being sorry for it do us, I should like to know? Next he will kill a cow, and then we must be satified with his being sorry for it! Now I can tell you that I don't believe in that doctrine. Nor do I believe anything about his being sorry, the crabbed, ill-natured wretch.'

'Don't call him hard names, Sally,' said farmer Gray, in a mild, soothing tone. 'Neighbor Barton was not himself when he killed the geese. Like every other angry person, he was a little insane, and did what he would not have done, had he been perfectly in his right mind. When you are a little excited, you know, Sally, that even you do and say unreasonable things.

'Me do and say unreasonable things!' exclaimed Mrs. Gray, with a look and tone of indignant astonishment; 'me do and say unreasonable things when I am angry. I don't understand you, Mr. Gray.'

'May be I can help you a little. Don't you remember how angry you were when Mr. Mellon's old brindle got into our garden, and trampled over your lettuce bed, and how you struck her with the oven pole, and knocked off one of her horns?'

'But I didn't mean to do that though.'

'No, but then you were angry, and struck old brindle with a right good will. And if Mr. Mellon had felt disposed, he might have prosecuted for damages.'

'But she had no business there.'

'Of course not. Neither had our geese any business in neighbor Barton's yard. But perhaps I can help you to another instance that will be more conclusive in regard to your doing and saying unreasonable things when you are angry. You remember the patent churn?'

'Yes, but never mind about that.'

'So you have not forgotten how unreasonable you was about the churn. It wasn't good for anything—you knew it wasn't; and you'd never put a jar of cream into it as long as you lived—that you wouldn't. And yet on trial, you found that churn the best you had ever used, and you would'nt part with it on any consideration. So you see, Sally that even you can say and do unreasonable things when you are angry just as well as Mr. Barton can. Let us then consider him a little, and give him time to get over his angry fit. It will be much beter to do so.

Mr. Gray saw that her husband was right, but still she felt indignant at the outrage committed on her geese. She did not, however, say anything about suing the shoemaker—for old brindle's head from which the horn had been knocked off, was not yet entirely well, and one prosecution very naturally suggested the idea of another. So she took her three fat geese, and after stripping off their feathers, had them prepared for the table.

On the next morning, as farmer Gray was going along the road, he met the shoemaker, and as they had to pass very near to each other, the farmer smiled and bowed, and spoke kindly. Mr. Barton looked and felt very uneasy, but farmer Gray did not seem to remember the unpleasant incident of the day before.

It was about eleven o'clock the same day, that one of farmer Gray's little boys came running home to him, and crying—

'Oh father! father! Mr. Barton's hogs are in our corn field.'

'Then I must go and drive them out,' said Mr. Gray in a quiet tone.

'Drive them out!' ejaculated Mrs. Gray, 'drive them out, indeed! I'd shoot them, that's what I'd do! I'd serve them as he served my geese yesterday.'

'But that wouldn't bring the geese to life again, Sally.'

'I don't care if it wouldn't. It would be paying him in his own corn, and that's all he deserves.'

'You know what the Bible says, Sally, about grievous words, when they apply with stronger force to grievous actions.—No, no, I will return neighbor Barton good for evil. That is the best way.—He has done wrong, and I am sure he is sorry for it. And I wish him still to remain sorry for so unkind and unneighborly an action, I intend making use of the best means for keeping him sorry.'

'Then you will be revenged on him, any how.'

'No, Sally—not revenged. I hope I have no such feeling. For I am not angry with neighbor Barton, who has done himself a much greater wrong than he has done me. But I wish him to see clearly how wrong he acted, that he may do so no more. And then we shall not have any cause to complain of him, nor any to be grieved, as I am sure he is, at his own hasty conduct. But while I am talking here, his hogs are destroying my corn.'

And so saying, farmer Gray hurried off towards his corn field. When he arrived there, he found four large hogs tearing down the stalks and pulling off and eating the ears of corn. They had already destroyed a good deal. But he drove them out very calmly, and put up the bars through which they had entered, and then commenced gathering up the half eaten ears of corn, and throwing them out into the lane, for the hogs that had been so suddenly disturbed in the process of obtaining a liberal meal. As he was thus engaged, Mr. Barton, who had from his own house, seen the farmer turn the hogs out of his cornfield, came hurriedly up, and said:

'I am very sorry, Mr. Gray, indeed I am, that my hogs have done this. I will most cheerfully pay you for what they have destroyed.'

'Oh never mind, friend Barton—never mind. Such things will happen occasionally. My geese, you know, annoy you very much sometimes.'

'Don't speak of it, Mr. Gray. They didn't annoy me half as much as I imagined they did. But how much corn do you think my hogs have destroyed? One bushel, or two bushels? Or how much? Let it be estimated, and I will pay for it most cheerfully.

'Oh, no, not for the world, friend Barton. Such things will happen sometimes. And, besides, some of my men must have left the bars down, or your hogs could never have got in. So don't think any more about it. It would be dreadful if one neighbor could not bear a little with another.'

All this cut poor Mr. Barton to the heart. His own ill natured language and conduct at a much smaller trespass on his rights, presented itself to his mind, and deeply mortified him. After a few moments silence, he said:

The fact is, Mr. Gray, I shall feel better if you will let me pay for this corn.—My hogs should not be fattened at your expense, and I will not consent to its being done. So I shall insist on paying you for at least one bushel of corn, for I am sure they have destroyed that much, if not more.

But Mr. Gray shook his head, and smiled pleasantly, as he replied:

'Don't think any more about it, neighbor Barton. It is a matter deserving no consideration. No doubt my cattle have often trespassed on you, and will trespass on you again. Let us then bear and forbear.'

All this cut the shoemaker still deeper and he felt still less at ease in mind after he parted from the farmer than he did before. But one thing he resolved, and that was to pay Mr. Gray for the corn which his hogs had eaten.

'You told him your mind pretty plainly, I hope,' said Mrs. Gray, as her husband came in.

'I certainly did,' was the quiet reply.

'And I am glad you had spirit enough to do it. I reckon he will think twice before he kills any more of my geese.'

'I expect you are right, Sally, I don't think we shall be troubled again.'

'And what did you say to him? And what did he say for himself?'

'Why, he wanted very much to pay me for the corn his pigs had eaten, but I wouldn't hear to it. I told him that it made no difference in the world, that such accidents would happen sometimes.'

'You did?'

'Certainly I did.'

'And that's the way you spoke your mind to him?'

'Precisely. And it had the desired effect. It made him feel ten times worse than if I had spoken angrily to him. He is exceedingly pained at what he has done, and says he will never rest until he has paid for that corn. But I am resolved never to take a cent for it. It will be the best possible guaranty I can have for his kind and neighborly conduct hereafter.

'Well, perhaps you are right,' said Mrs. Gray after a few moments of thoughtful silence. 'I like Mrs. Barton very much—and now I come to think of it, I should not wish to have any difference between our families.'

'And so do I like Mr. Barton. He has read a good deal, and I find it very pleasant to sit with him occasionally, during the long winter evenings. His only fault is his quick temper—but I am sure it is much better for us to bear with and soothe that, than to oppose and excite it, and thus keep both his family and our own in hot water.'

'You are certainly right,' replied Mrs. Gray, 'and I only wish that I could always think and feel as you do. But I am a little quick, as they say.'

'And so is Mr. Barton. Now just the same consideration that you would desire others to have for you, should you exercise towards Mr. Barton, or any one else whose hasty temper leads him into words or actions that in calmer or more thoughtful moments are subjects of regret.

On the next day while Mr. Gray stood in his own door from which he could see over the two or three acres of ground that the shoemaker cultivated, he observed two of his cows in his neighbor's cornfield, browsing away in quite a contented manner. As he was going to call one of his farm hands to go over and drive them out, he perceived that Mr. Barton was becoming aware of the mischief that was going on, and had already started for the field of corn.

'Now we will see the effect of yesterday's lesson,' said the farmer to himself, and then paused to observe the manner of the shoemaker towards his cattle in driving them out of the field. In a few minutes Mr. Barton came up to the cows—but instead of throwing stones at them, or striking them with a stick, he merely drove them out in a quiet way, and put up the bars through which they had entered.

'Admirable!' ejaculated farmer Gray.

'What is admirable?' asked his wife, who came within hearing distance at the moment.

'Why the lesson I gave our friend Barton yesterday. It works admirably.'

'How so?'

'Two of our cows were in his cornfield a few minutes ago, destroying his corn at a rapid rate.'

'Well! what did he do to them?' she asked in a quick, anxious tone.

'He drove them out.'

'Did he stone them or beat them?'

'Oh no. He was as gentle as a child towards them.'

'You are certainly jesting.'

'Not I. Friend Barton has not forgotten that his pigs were in my cornfield yesterday, and that I turned them out without hurting a hair of one of them.—Now suppose I had got angry and beaten his pigs, what do you think the result would have been? Why, it is much more than probable, that one or both of our fine milch cows would have been at this moment in the condition of Mr. Mellon's old brindle.'

'I wish you wouldn't say anything more about brindle,' said Mrs. Gray, trying to laugh,—while her face grew red in spite of her efforts to keep down her feelings.

'Well, I won't, Sally, if it worries you. But it is such a good illustration, that I cannot help using it sometimes.'

'I am glad he didn't hurt the cows,' said Mrs. Gray, after a pause.

'And so am I. Glad on more than one account, It shows that he has made an effort to keep down his hasty irritable temper—and if he can do that, it will be a favor conferred on the neighborhood, for almost every one complains, at times, of this fault in his character.'

'It is certainly the best policy to keep fair weather with him,' Mrs. Gray remarked, for a man of his temper could annoy us a good deal.'

'That word policy, Sally is not a good word,' replied her husband. 'It conveys a thoroughly selfish idea. Now we ought to look for some higher motives of action than mere policy—motives grounded in correct and unselfish principles.'

'But what other motive but policy could we possibly have for putting up with Mr. Barton's outrageous conduct?'

'Other, and far higher motives, it seems to me. We should reflect that Mr. Barton has naturally a hasty temper, and that when excited he does things for which he is sorry afterwards—and that in nine cases out of ten he is a greater sufferer from those outbreaks than any one else. In our actions towards him, then, it is much higher and better motive for us to be governed by a desire to aid him in the correction of this evil, than to look merely to the protection of ourselves from its effect. Do you not think so?'

'Yes. It does seem so.'

'When thus moved to action, we are, in a degree, regarding the whole neighborhood, for the evil of which we speak, affects all. And in thus suffering ourselves to be governed by such elevated and unselfish motives, we gain all that we could possibly have gained under the mere instigation of policy, and a great deal more. But to bring the matter into a still narrower compass, in all our actions towards him and every one else, we should be governed by the simple consideration—is it right? If a spirit of retaliation be not right—then it cannot be indulged without a mutual injury. Of course, then, it should never prompt us to action. If cows or hogs get into my field or garden, and destroy my property—who is to blame most? Of course, myself. I should have kept my fences in better repair, or my gate closed. The animals, certainly are not to blame, for they follow only the promptings of nature—and their owners should not be censured, for they know nothing about it. It would then be very wrong for me to injure both the animals and their owners for my own neglect—would it not?'

'Yes—I suppose it would.'

'So at least it seems to me. Then of course I ought not to injure neighbor Barton's cows or hogs, even if they do break into my cornfield or garden, simply because it would be wrong to do so. This is the principle upon which we should act, and not from any selfish policy.'

After this there was no trouble about farmer Gray's geese or cattle. Sometimes the geese would get among Mr. Barton's hogs, and annoy them while eating, but it did not worry him as it did formerly. If they became too troublesome he would drive them away, but not by throwing sticks and stones at them as he once did.

Late in the fall the shoemaker brought in his bill for work. It was a pretty large bill with sundry credits.

'Pay day has come at last,' said farmer Gray, good humoredly, as the shoemaker presented his account. 'Well, let us see!' and he took the bill to examine it item after item.

'What is this,' he asked, reading aloud.

'Cr. By one bushel of corn, fifty cents.'

'It is some corn I had from you.'

'I reckon you must be mistaken. You never got any corn from me.'

'Oh, yes I did. I remember it perfectly. It is all right.'

'But when did you get it, friend Barton? I am sure I havn't the most distant recollection of it.'

'My hogs got it,' the shoemaker said, in rather a low and hesitating tone.

'Your hogs.'

'Yes. Don't you remember when my hogs broke into your field, and destroyed your corn?'